January 11, 1970
Sunday
London

Dear Hal,

I was ever so sorry that I couldn't speak longer with you on the telephone but my Mother was getting quite upset and it was straining me. Anyway I did enjoy it alot. You're right we didn't get to talk very much at your house but even so I got so much out of listening. Next time I'm in the States I'd really just love to come and visit you all again.

I came back to find I have much more work to catch up with then I had realized. Also I shall probably be moving to Paris in March. My French roommate's mother bought her a flat near the [redacted] Arc de Triumph so there would be no rent to pay. It's just too good

or opportunity to pass up I guess. And I would dig speaking French fluently and seeing all the Art treasures of the Louvre. It's a big step though but...
I have a real thing about time. It's a kind of pressing drive that kind of frightens me at times. You know what I mean? Time should be wisely spent.

San Francisco is such a tempting place to live too. I feel very alone at times being so far from my brothers and my mother - separation being the only hurting thing about very close relationships/family-wise. I don't know, but being home has put so many different things in varying perspectives. I guess I've been helped along in accepting that I'm me and if my values or way of living seem a bit old fashioned okay try not to be

③ depressed about it or about not being willing to change. So many people try to act as if they are having a ball but many times seem to be trying to convince themselves.

This may not all have relevance to you but it's particularly strong on my mind tonight.

I shall be in a mad rush to try and see as many plays as I can in the time remaining. (They have so many good ones in London) I saw Hadrian the VII last night and it was excellent.

So I hope this letter will find you in good spirits. Hello to your wife! and take care of yourself

Love

Cindy

Pretty wild stationary huh?